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THE
LONDON BEAU's
GARLAND,

Containing three New SONGS.

1. The London Beaux.
2. On a late Wedding.
3. In Praise of Duke William.

Sold by M. Cook in Glouceſter.

To the *Beaux* of LONDON.

YOU Beaux of London City,
Likewiſe of St. James's Park.
Give Ear unto my Ditty,
with a ſad and a ſorrowful Heart:
It is of one of our own dear Brothers,
that lately was betray'd
by one call'd Mrs. Suſan,
a Lady's waiting Maid.

His Wig was oil'd and powder'd,
hung dangling down to his Waiſt,
Sure Fop was never powdered,
his Waiſtcoat was neatly lac'd:
With his Snuff-Box in his Pocket,
as I to you ſuppoſe,
As large as any Turnip,
for to perfume his Noſe.

He went to Mrs. [illegible]on,
to whom his Fa[illegible]ied;
A Guinea to you I'll give,
for to gain to your Maidenhead.

Go you to Covent-Garden,
to Fleet-ſtreet or the Strand,
Where you, for half the Money,
have one at your Command.

I hate your ſilly Rubbiſh,
and that I would have you to know,
For you may ſee by my Apparel,
I am an eternal Beau:
I value not my Money,
which I have offered you,
and, rather than be ſlighted,
my Dear, I'll give you two.

Since now I muſt ſurrender
to you my Virgin Charms,
To ſhew that I am no Pretender,
come take me in your Arms.
I'll appear in rich Attire,
with fine Silk, Shoes, and Hoſe;
Five Guineas you muſt give me,
to buy me wedding Cloaths.

For I am to be married
within this Day or two;
Come, pay me down the Money,
and I will be kind to you.
I paid her down the Money,
I paid her down the Pric[illegible]
In which I pleas'd my Ho[illegible]
and dreſs'd her in a [illegible]

Come early in the Morning,
before the Break of Day,
and unto my Bed-Chamber,
I'll ſafely you convey.
He came early in the Morning,
before the Break of Day,
and then into her Bed-Chamber,
him ſafely ſhe did convey.

Then ſlipping into her Bed,
he ſecurely there did lie,
Until he was affrighted,
by Tom that was going to die:
Which ſorely did affright
the moſt eternal Beau.
He cry'd, alas! for Shelter,
O where ſhall I run or go.

Step you behind the Curtain,
and tarry a little while,
at length this fumbling Puppy,
came tumbling into the Soil,
and wallowing there like a Camel,
alas, how came I here,
Is this the Place of Pleaſure,
that I pay'd for ſo dear.

His Wig ſo oil'd and powder'd,
moſt filthily bewray'd,
Of all his other Garments,
moſt filthily in[illegible]'d;
So I'll no more tr[illegible]oman,

since she has served me so,
This is the sad Misfortune
of our eternal Beau.

On the Wedding *of a late married Couple.*

A New-married Couple of late, as we hear,
their Money being scant and Cupboard being bare,
On Cupid's Amours begins to look cold,
and, pashionate-like, to chatter and scold.

It is of a a Cobler, (the Truth I'll declare)
of him and his Wife, good neighbours beware;
For now they both live with Ambition and Strife——
a Devil, a Wench, a Maid, or a Wife.

At gardening and weeding this fray it begun,
he being a Cobler, no work to be done;
and my Lady *Flandaborace*, as some do her call,
swore greatly, and curs'd, with her Cards she did maul.

The young Men consenting, and Maidens likewise,
and joining their neighbours a *Scimington* rise;
the Cobler, to spite and [illegible] his Foes,
to the highest of Su[illegible] for Counsel he goes.

With great *words and bullies they thought to fright*
ſome out of their Money, and others *thro' ſpite*,
when Pen, Ink and Paper, *and time was ſpent*,
to honour thoſe Subjects was not their intent.

Then ſtraight for a *warrant to the Juſtice did go*
to bind them to Seſſions, if it could be ſo,
he ſaid he would fetch their *high ſtomachs down*
to his worſhipful grace *directly they was bound*.

and, to relieve the poor Cobler's Wants,
his wife being big, and his Leather run ſcant,
alſo to get Money to buy her ſome Cloaths,
for the moſt ſhe has is her Red Cloak & hoſe

But when they found the Cauſe they'd loſt,
it ſore vex'd their Mind to think on the Coſt,
great expence of horſe-hire, and time in vain
for 8 *s*, per man they'll make it up again.

From 8 *s*. to five, four and three,
but to give them that they could not agree,
he may ſit down, and repine for his Loſs,
for the Devil a Penny to pay for his horſe.

So now to conclude five men were ſet down,
whom *our Nobles reſpected above all the Town*,
by our Pope and Prieſt all nations may ſee.
that we undet Peticoat Government be.

Firſt Moſes and A[illegible] *Prieſthood* did take
but now canting Jaco[illegible] if I may ſpeak,

Our Pope from a low to a high Degree,
if our Sins we confeſs, they pardon'd be.

I wiſh all honeſt Cuckolds could be at eaſe,
and their wives ſpend leſs Money on Coffee
and Teas;
then all coblers wives if the truth was known
would have Money enough *to pay for a gown.*

Poor Man he's plagu'd with *a troubleſome evil,*
a daughter of Eve much worſe than a Devil,
with great gouty Legs ſhe'll maunder and call,
is proud ragged and ſaucy with nothing at all

So God ſend all Coblers more *heart than to yield*
for their Wives to ſay they got the Field,
for a Woman to govern it is a vain Thing,
ſo hang all ſuch Coblers, and God bleſs our
King.

A Song in Praiſe of the noble Duke *of* Cumberland.

SOme talk of *Alexander*, and ſome of *Achilles*,
of *Coran* and *Liſander*, and ſome of *Melchides*,
But of all the World's brave Heroes,
there's none that can compare
With the noble Duke of *Cumberland*,
and the *Britiſh* Grenadiers.

Perkin he's a Baſtard's So
and the Pope he is a Fool.

to ſend unto *Old England*
ſuch an empty *Popiſh* Tool.
But *William* he will pay them all,
and make them for to cry,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
We Rebels *all muſt die.*

We hear good News is now arriv'd,
o let us rant and roar,
For the like of noble *William*
ſure ne'er was known before.
He drove the Rebels from their Tents,
and made them for to cry
With a tow, &c.

Let's drink a Health to GEORGE our King,
and wiſh him long to reign.
Likewiſe to noble *William,*
and all his galiant Train,
Who drove the Rebels from their Tents,
and made them for to cry
With a tow, &c.

No Elf of a Pretender
in *England* e'er ſhall reign,
Whilſt the noble Duke of *Cumberland*
the Cauſe he does maintain.
He put the Pretender to the Rout,
and made him for to cry
I wiſh *I* was *in* France *again,*
For I fear I now *ſhall die.*

We know brave *William* chaced them
into fair *Lancaſhire,* 10 JU 52
Thinking for to meet them
in the Foreſt of Delamere.
But they, like empty Cowards,
'fore him did run and c[illegible]
With a tow, &c.